

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come, Ile manacle thy necke and feete together: Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from mioning.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Prof. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience Is so posselt with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarm thee with this stick, And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments,
Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his surety.

Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shap as he,
(Hauing seene but him and *Caliban*.) Foolish wench,
To th' most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe,
And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison.

Prof. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariell. To th' syllable.
Prof. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Saylor's wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preseruatiou) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him orefo.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gon. When euery greefe is entertain'd,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Delour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you'r paid:

Adr. Vnhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks?
How Greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of Greene in't.

Ant. He missees not much.

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salt
water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say helyes?

Seb. I, or very wisely pocket vp his report.

Gon.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage
of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in
our returne.

Adr. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Pa-
ragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o' that: how came that Wid-
dow in? Widow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *Eno* too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adr. Widow *Dido* said you? You make me study
of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his
pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring
forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme
now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage
of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widow *Dido*!

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I
wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My sonne is lost, and (in my race) she too,

Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued,

I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire

Of *Naples* and of *Milaine*, what strange fish

Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the surges vnder him,

And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water

Whose enmity he slung aside: and breasted

The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head

'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared

Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke

To th' shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed

As stooping to releue him: I not doubt

He came aliuie to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Affrican,

Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe

Waigh'd betwene loathnesse, and obedience, at

Which end o'th' beame should bow: we haue lost your

I feare for euer: *Milaine* and *Naples* haue

Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,

Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the doer's

Gon. My Lord *Sebasti*

The truth you speake do

And time to speake it in

When you should bring

Seb. Very well.

Gon. It is foule weath

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather?

Gon. Had I plantation

Ant. Hee'd sow't vvi

Seb. Or dockes, or M

Gon. And were the Ki

Seb. Scape being drun

Gon. Pth' Commonwe

Execute all things: For

Would I admit: No nam

Letters should not be kno

And vse of seruice, none:

Borne, bound of Land, T

No vse of Metall, Corne,

No occupation, all men id

And Women too, but inn

No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he vould be

Ant. The latter end of

the beginning.

Gon. All things in com

Without sweat or endueo

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun,

Would I not haue: but N

Of it owne kinde, all foys

To feed my innocent peop

Seb. No marrying' mor

Ant. None (man) all i

Gon. I vould vwith suc

T' Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiessty.

Gon. And do you mark

Alon. Pre-thee no mor

Gon. I do vwell beleue

to minisfer occasion to th

such sensible and nimble L

to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve la

Gon. Who, in this kind

to you: so you may contin

Ant. What a blow vva

Seb. And it had not faln

Gon. You are Gentleme

lift the Moone out of her sp

in it fwee weekes vwith c

Enter Ariell plays

Seb. We vould so, and

Ant. Nay good my Lo

Gon. No I warrant you

discretion so weakly: Wil

am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and he

Alon. What, all so foo

Would (with themselves) f

I finde they are inclin'd to

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy off

It sildome visits sorrow, wh